

# The Aurora.

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## DORA CLIFTON, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY A VIRGINIA LADY.

For several days after Nathan Blackwood came to Violet Dell he seemed to avoid Fanny, who was very shy of him at all times. But gradually he began to linger near her, listening to her sweet voice and laughter; and I noticed that her smiles always brightened at the sound of his footstep. The truth could not be concealed, Fanny loved and was loved with a wild worship in return; I knew it and my happiness deepened at the thought of my friend's joy. And when he told his love and was accepted, she came to me with her heart gushing full of gladness and told me all—how she had loved him long ago but would not admit it to herself even, until he told her of his own priceless love, and then she knew she had loved him while she was striving to teach her heart to hate him.

"Isn't it strange, Dora," she said, looking up archly in my face, "that I should love that great, tall, solemn man, he is so smart and I am such

a silly puss,—I wonder why he didn't choose you instead of me, you are so intellectual,—but you shall have Buddie, Dora, he will suit you exactly, don't you think you could love him Dora? he is not a bit taller than Nathan, my Nathan, how does it sound—Mrs. Nathan Blackwood—Mrs. Nathan Blackwood—it sounds very well, I think," she continued, without waiting for a reply from me; "but I say, Dora, I want to know, do you think you could love Buddie?"

"Pshaw! Fannie," I said, trying to look careless as I turned over the leaves of a book which I held in my hand, "what foolish questions you ask, I do say."

"No, Dora, I don't think the question is a foolish one, for don't you know Buddie loves you, and means to ask you to marry him, he told me so this evening, when I confessed my own affairs to him; he loves you dearly, Dora, have you never suspected as much?—now you needn't



answer that question, but I want you to love Buddie, and be my own darling sister, and stay here and be a daughter to mamma when I am far away.

I could hardly believe my senses, but had I not more than once thought that Henry loved me, poor and friendless as I was; yet I had not dared to cherish a hope for one moment that he, rich and gifted as he was would choose me. I remembered the stain on my name and shuddered. Oh! Fanny I cried, covering my face with my hands, "it cannot be. I am poor and I would not bring a tarnished name to Henry—no, no, I must walk alone."

"Dora, said Fanny, putting her hand gently on my arm, "Buddie has enough, he knows nothing of that cruel affair, and he may never hear of it, and if he does I believe that God will make it plain to him; forget it now darling and come with me to the parlor, Nathan is there and you know he is going away to-morrow.

I did not care to go to the parlor then, but I knew it was useless to contend the point with Fanny, so I rose and followed her down stairs. "Where is Henry? Fanny," I asked breathlessly, as we reached the parlor door, for I felt that I would not see him there for worlds. "Oh! he's in here may be, said Fanny, laughing as she stole her arm around my waist, so come along."

What was I to do—I longed to run back, but Fanny had already opened the door, and there sat Henry and Nathan on the sofa, talking together in a low earnest manner.

They both rose as we entered, and to my unspeakable horror Nathan proposed that we should repair to the garden for fresh flowers.

Fanny readily assented, and the lovers marched off together towards the garden, which was a perfect paradise of bloom, adorned with long winding walks, and dotted here and there by summer houses, whose drooping vines shut out every ray of sunshine.

Henry and I seated ourselves in one of these while Fanny and Nathan rambled around in search of the sweetest roses. I trembled like a bird when I found myself alone with Henry. He must have seen my agitation. In vain I tried to calm my feelings. The secret that Fanny had told me was too much for me and I burst into a flood of tears. Henry was startled, and taking my hand gently whispered "Tell me what is the matter, Dora, you have been sad this morning, and I would know what distresses you, will you not tell me, Dora? I have something to tell *you* Dora,—it is of my love for you, my darling. Will you be the angel to walk by my side through this weary world, and lead me to Heaven with your own dear hand?"

Reader, have you not anticipated my answer? I loved Henry wildly, passionately, and I laid my head on his shoulder, and murmured, "yes I will be yours, Henry, yours in life and in death."

And we were very happy as we went back to the parlor that morning, and dear little mischievous Fanny, who guessed what had passed



as soon as she laid her eyes on us when we entered the house, glided softly to the piano and sang the new song which had become a favorite with us all. She did not make any mistakes now, although Nathan was standing behind her turning over the leaves of her music, and she sang with a clear, firm voice

I trust thee, wherefore should I feel  
One doubt of thy fond love for me,  
I trust thee, wherefore should I shrink  
From trusting thee.

I love thee and our hearts are one,  
We have one faith, one hope, one trust,  
We love and all the world beside  
We count as dust.

Flowers bloom where thistles used to grow,  
And all the air is full of tones.  
And all the years that pass away  
Are bright as Junes.

Our lives flow gracefully along,  
Like the rich music of a rhyme,  
To which our pulses and our hearts  
Keep perfect time.

And golden threads are intertwined  
Profusely through life's balmy hours,  
We walk through life as if we walked  
On seas of flowers.

And so through life our hearts shall keep  
This love unaltered to the end,  
Till in immortal light our souls  
Forever blend.

"Bravo! my little sis," cried Henry as Fanny finished her song, and rose from the piano, "so you have learned that song perfectly at last, and not many weeks ago you couldn't think of learning it."

"Circumstances alter cases,"—laughed Fanny, "we all love now, and the song is so appropriate just at this time I like to sing it, and I dare say you like it now better than

ever. And how are you pleased with it Dora?" she continued, glancing slyly at me.

"I always liked it," I answered confusedly, "and I like it still," I added, in a lower tone, while the glance of Henry's dark eye, told how his heart was dwelling on the sweet words "we love."

And we were all happy, the world seemed full of balm, and music, and sunshine, and not a shadow was seen on the horizon of our young lives, not a doubt or a fear flitted across our pathway in that bright morning of our early love, and we dreamed that so through life we would walk hand in hand, blest in the perfect love of each other.

That night there was a general confession and congratulation all around, Mrs. Ashton kissed me and called me her dear little daughter, and Dr. Ashton said I was just such a girl as he would have chosen for his Henry, and we were all glad, and our dreams that night were as sweet as the dreams of mortals can be.

The next morning Nathan Blackwood left Violet Dell, saying that he would meet us at the camp-meeting which was to be held in the neighborhood in a few weeks. I did not see the parting of the lovers, but when Fanny left the parlor there was a "tear in her eye," and the smile that played around her beautiful mouth was a very sad one; but she soon regained her usual spirits, and nothing was talked of but the camp-meeting, everybody was busy about the house making preparations for tenting on the ground. Pillow-cases were made, sheets were



cut out and basted together, and counterpanes were tacked together for tent-cloths. Fanny and I were put to hemming table cloths and towels, while Mrs. Ashton superintended the cooking and preserve making necessary for the tent.

Fanny and I had heard a great deal about camp meetings, but had never attended one, and our curiosity was on tiptoe; we would have splendid times, no doubt of that, and our fingers flew nimbly over the sewing which Mrs. Ashton had given us to do, as we talked of the people we would see and the singing we would hear at the camp-meeting.

At length the wished for day arrived, and Dr. Ashton and his wife started by day for the camp-ground, leaving Fanny, Henry and myself to follow at leisure, and exactly at ten the carriage drove up to the door and we started off for the scene of action. The day was bright and beautiful, not a cloud rested on the bosom of the blue sky, and the winds that stirred the green leaves that drooped over our pathway, were as fresh and balmy as those that sweep through the fields of Eden.

"This is glorious," said Henry, putting his head out of the carriage window, and gazing far away in the dim distance. "What a lovely day! And there, I can hear the singing from the camp-ground. Listen! how grand and solemn it is. I almost feel like a Methodist myself now, although I'm inclined to think if I ever should get converted I'll be an Episcopalian—their ways are so quiet and holy. I never could see any sense in these ranting people—they frighten one so."

Fanny looked up seriously, almost sadly in her brother's face, while he was talking, and putting her hand on his arm, said gently, "I wouldn't talk so, Buddie, that I wouldn't. you know Mamma and Papa are both Methodists, and what would they say to hear you talk so about them. I dare say you got your Episcopal notions from Nathan, you know he is a high-toned churchman. I am sure he is good. I'd as lief he'd be an Episcopalian as anything else. I believe more in the heart than the church, and I know Nathan is good. And a bright tear far down in the depths of her soft eye, told how deeply she felt the truth of what she said."

I had been listening to the grand music that was swelling up from the great multitude which we were approaching, and I took no part in the conversation, although every word that was spoken fell on my heart as if were written there with a pencil of light. Hitherto I had thought nothing of religion, or if I had ever thought of it at all it was as of a myth with which I should never come in actual contact. True uncle Frank and aunt Malinda were both members of the Episcopal church—but there was no religion in their home. Aunt Malinda busied herself with sewing societies, and sent money to the heathen in Africa, while the poor were suffering around her door. And was she patient, quiet, meek, and gentle in her nature? No. And uncle Frank too, how he talked about the poor in other lands, and how he oppressed them at home. Was that religion? My heart said no. And



of all religious people I had met I felt that I could not conscientiously call any of them christians in deed and in truth, excepting dear Mrs. Raymond and her husband, they were both baptists, and so was Mr. and Mrs. Blake—and in my heart I felt that I had rather Henry would be a baptist than any thing else. But my musings were interrupted by the stopping of the carriage at the camp-ground, and we were soon walking up the broad aisle, with hundreds and hundreds of people seated on either side while the preacher, a tall, gray haired man, stood preaching in the wide pulpit. At first I was attracted by the novelty of my situation, the countless number of strange faces before me—the hum of indistinct voices that fell on my ears from a distance, the trampling and neighing of the multitude of horses standing in the surrounding grove—all was so new to me that I almost forgot the tall gray haired man in the pulpit. But gradually I began to listen, and never before or since did I hear such words from mortal lips. His theme was redemption. He spoke of our lost and ruined condition, dwelt on the terrors of the lost until every heart shuddered before him. Suddenly his deep toned voice sunk almost to a whisper, and yet it was so clear that it could be heard distinctly at the most distant parts of the camp-ground. He told us of Jesus—of his dying love—of his sufferings and death upon the cross. And when he finished his sermon and sat down, there was not a dry eye in the congregation, sobs

and mourns came from every direction of the camp.

I was startled and amazed at my own condition, and wept as if my heart would break—it was no feeling of sympathy that distressed me so. I hardly heeded the sobs and cries around me—the cry of my heart was “what shall I do to be saved” and when the gray haired preacher rose from his place in the pulpit—and invited all who were concerned for the salvation of their souls to come forward and kneel at the mourners bench, I started up, but Henry detained me gently saying “don’t go yet Dora you are excited now, wait awhile, the feeling will wear off presently.” I put my veil back and looked at him for the first time since I had been listening to that sermon, there were traces of tears on his cheeks but he was calm. “You will get over this presently” he continued half smiling, “new comers are always affected just as you are. And here is little Fanny crying her eyes out too, I wonder what it will all come to, it’s almost dinner time now and I think we had better go to the tent. And he got up and offered his arm to each of us. I felt a pang of regret as I took his arm, I wanted to stay but I would not object to Henry’s wishes—and we pushed our way to Dr. Ashton’s tent, while shouts of joy and songs of praise arose from the happy christians gathered around the altar. We found Mrs. Ashton busily engaged in arranging dinner in the neat cloth covered tent, and taking off our bonnets in the little back dressing room we threw ourselves on the broad straw bed, not



to rest but to talk of that wonderful sermon which had melted our hearts so completely.

"I was sorry to leave the stand so soon,"—began Fanny. "I like the preaching and the singing so much, I had no idea I should feel so interested as I am; but Dora," she added, and her voice grew low and tremulous, "didn't you get frightened when the preacher talked of the agonies of lost souls. O! it was awful"—and she shuddered, and closed her eyes, "and just to think" she continued "we are both exposed to such punishment, for we have not accepted Jesus, that's what we must do—for the preacher said to day, that God gave his own son to die for us. What did he say? I can't remember the exact words. Ah! yes, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son to die for us, that whosoever believeth might not perish, but have everlasting life." Now Dora I'll tell you what I am resolved to do, I mean to try and find pardon at this camp-meeting for all my sins, will you not try too, we are not excited now are we"? And in that hour we vowed to pray without ceasing until the light of pardoning love shone upon our hearts. "I don't know what Buddie will say about it" said Fanny as she got up to arrange her hair for dinner, "but Dora we musn't mind any body in this matter, "we must go to Jesus or be lost."

I was almost shocked at Fanny's calmness, it was so strange to see

her thus; as for myself I could do nothing but weep, and cry from the depths of my heart "what shall I do to be saved."

"Will you not come to dinner?" Fanny said as she left the room. "No" I answered turning my face on the pillow, I can't eat now. And as Fanny closed the door softly behind her, leaving me in solitude. I had not deemed it probable that the human mind could endure such agony as I then endured. My sins pressed on my heart like a great burden, I felt myself undone, lost and ruined forever. But while my heart kept saying "what shall I do to be saved," a voice within whispered, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." The words came to my heart like balm—and with my whole soul I cried "Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief," and how can I express thy joy unutterable that took possession of me in that hour, and I joined in heartily with the chorus that a few devoted christians were still singing around the altar.

"I am happy I am happy I am happy in the Lord

And I don't want to stay forever here."

"Why what is the matter Dora?" asked Fanny rushing into the room—"I thought you were going to sleep?"

"I am so happy Fanny" I cried, resting my head on her shoulder—so happy—and we cried and laughed together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Written expressly for the Aurora.

## Miss Ettie's Story.

THE NEGRO INSURRECTION IN VIRGINIA.

BY MATILDA.

Like a little weak child I lay in his great strong arms as he crept through the undergrowth that covered our flight. At the outer gate we found a horse which Webster had brought for me; he lost not a minute in mounting and taking me up behind him, he was soon galloping through the wood like a madman. I was more dead than alive when I reached uncle Blunts house; every thing was alive there, lights were glancing to and fro, busy voices were heard, and above all rose my uncle's voice giving directions to his slaves, who had resolved to defend their master's family at the hazard of their lives. Webster rode up to the door of the mansion and dismounting, took me and carried me up to his mistress's room, "dar now, I's done my part" he said, placing me in a chair before my aunt, who was walking the floor in a state of great excitement, "dare's Miss Ettie, Mistess, dem niggers tried to kill her but I was too keen for em, dey done killed your sister and brother and Mars. Charley, poor Mars. Charley, how he did scream, Lord! how hard it was to see em do it, and couldn't save him. You see I made him believe I was favorable to em dat I might save Miss Ettie; dey watched me, so dey did, dey spect somthin, and I's mighty oneasy bout Jennie fur fear dey'll kill her, I told her she must make out like Miss Ettie jumped out the winder. I must go see bout her." And the faithful negro left the room, while my aunt throwing herself on the floor groaned and wept in the bitterness of her distress. As for me I could not shed a tear. I was dumb in my horrible grief and I longed for the peace of death. My Uncle was busily engaged barricading the doors and windows; at length his task was completed, and he walked into my aunt's room quietly awaiting the coming of the black rebels, who were then on their way to his farm. He stooped down and kissed my cheek as he passed me, and a tear fell on my hand as he did so. Webster had told him all, and more than I knew, and although he said nothing, I knew how deep was his sorrow and pity for me. Every thing was silent as death in the room, save the deep sobs and smothered sighs of my aunt. All was still without, when we were startled by the tramping of a horse in the yard. "It must be Webster said my uncle going to the window, he went back to see



what the black rascals had done with Jennie—he is calling for me to open the door.” And heedless of the entreaties of my aunt, he hurried down to the faithful slave who had gone to save his wife, regardless of the danger by which he was surrounded. “Open the door quick”, I heard him say as my uncle passed along the passage. “Is’e got Jennie here, and she’s in a bad way poor thing, dem rascals shot her, and dey’s coming on as fast as dey can, hear em.” And Webster bearing his precious charge in his arms rushed up stairs where we were sitting. Here Miss Ettie he said placing Jennie gently on the carpet before me, “her’s my poor Jennie she’s shot, she is, and she’ll die if you don’t do something for her. Give her something. Save her Mistess and I’ll bless you. I’ll be venged now dat I will, I’ll be venged on dem rascals dis night. Here they come.” And he darted down stairs, as the cry of hundreds of voices in the yard swelled upon the midnight air. Then followed peal after peal of musketry, minged with the cries and groans of the wounded and dying. Poor Jennie opened her eyes at the first shout of the negroes without, and said in a whisper as I bent over her trying to staunch the blood that flowed from a wound in her breast. “dat you Miss Ettie, I was afraid I never would see you again, I’s e glad you is safe, I tried to save de rest, poor mistiss poor mars, and, mars Charley, but I could’nt, and when they found you was gone Miss Ettie, they turn right round and shot me, and I’m dying Miss Ettie—dying right now—go-

in fast”. Let me call Webster I said rising from my kneeling posture beside her. “No, no,” she said, “let me die so—just so”—and holding my hand tightly in hers she closed her eyes on earth forever. She was dead,—my friend, my faithful Jennie. But I did not weep, I went back to my chair and sat gazing on the rigid corpse as it lay there in the sickly lamp-light. And thus hours passed, hours that seemed like eternity now as I remember them. Aall around and beneath me I heard groans, and cries, and fiendish yells, in my own home, my dead were lying unshrouded, and before me lay my faithful servant dead, dead. I longed to weep but I could not. I could not frame a word of prayer—not even when Webster knelt in wild agony beside his dead wife, did one refreshing tear moisten my eyelids, I was going mad, I felt it, and in great mercy the spirit of slumber stole o’er my tired mind and rocked me into forgetfulness.

The sun was shining brightly through the parted curtains when I awoke next morning, and I was alone. I looked around and thought of the last night’s agonies, and starting up I flew out in search of my uncle, or aunt. I found them in the parlor, attending to the wounds of the slaves who had fought so nobly in their behalf. Among the wounded was Webster who appeared in the last agonies of death, and as I approached him he turned his eyes upon me and said, “Miss Ettie you see I’m dying, I fought mighty hard, and now I’m glad I’m going as Jennie’s gone. Take care en my poor little childern



Miss Ettie poor little things." He looked at me silently for a moment—I heard a low gurgle in his throat, and he was dead. "Poor Webster," said my uncle as he approached me and took my arm to lead me away—poor Webster he has done bravely, but he is at rest now. This has been a terrible time Ettie, many of my best slaves are dead, but they checked the black rascals in their bloody work. There will be no more of it I guess, as the ring-leaders are in chains. You have your heart full of sorrow my poor Ettie," and he drew me to the sofa—called me his child—and begged me to rest myself, while he attended to matters down stairs. I laid my throbbing head on the pillow, but there was no more sleep for my eyelids, and all day long I walked the floor, tired, and panted like a bird struggling to get free from its cage. Nearly a week passed thus, and I had heard nothing of Walter. I longed to hear from him, and yet I dreaded to ask about him. One evening I was lying on the sofa in my aunt's room, when my uncle came in from riding, and I resolved to know all. "Uncle I said", holding my hands over my eyes, have you seen or heard from Walter Gray since that night? I wonder what has become of him." My uncle took off his gloves—drank a glass of water, and drawing a chair closely to the sofa, said in a low trembling voice. "My poor child. I am sorry you have asked me about him to day. Poor fellow, he was killed that terrible night, and so were all the members of the family, and then the house was set on fire."

I hard borne as much as my human nature could bear, and I swooned away in my agony, and after that for days and weeks, and months, I hovered between life and death, and when at last health returned, I was pronounced to be hopelessly insane. I was sent to the mad-house, but remember nothing that happened while I was there. After ten years I was pronounced well, and I was taken back to my uncle's house, who was still alive, and wept over me like a father when he met me. He told me that my aunt died the year after I left there, and he was alone in the world. I lived quietly in his house some years after this, and then he died, leaving me the greater portion of his estate. I could not live in the old house after his death—it was so lonely, and I wrote to your mother, who was a schoolmate of mine, to let me come to her home. She consented gladly, and gave me a warm welcome when I got here. I am very old now—upwards of eighty, and I never expect to go out of this house until I am carried to the place appointed for all living. I shall rest then from the sorrows that have oppressed me so long, and I shall meet Walter and Father and Mother and Charley, for they were all christians. And I shall be happy then—happy forever." And a light shone in the eyes of the dear old lady, that made her made her more than beautiful.

"Now my children, she continued, after a moment's pause, "my story is finished, and I must go to bed now—I am tired to-night. I will talk to you again in the morning."

We kissed our dear old friend, and



told her "good-night," saying we wished it was morning, that we might hear another story. But alas! when the morning came her spirit had passed away to a brighter morning than ours. And as we crept in- to the darkened chamber, and looked at her covered face and folded hands we said to each other, she has found the friends from whom she has been parted so long, and is at rest forever on the bosom of the Redeemer.

## ORIGINAL.

**The Consumptive.**

Alas! I am cast down,  
Stricken in mercy by the hand of God;  
But oh! he bringeth healing with his rod,  
And smiles behind a frown:  
He wounds my body that my soul may be  
Healed by his blood and made entirely free.

The soft blue murmuring air,  
And the sweet flowers I only see in dreams,  
And the rich music of the mountain streams  
Comes to me from afar,  
While in my lonely room day after day,  
I lie and count the hours that glide away.

Through all the parted year  
I have looked fondly for this sweet May time,  
With all its wealth of flowers, and the soft chime  
Of winds, and brooklets clear;  
But only through my window do I feel  
The sweet south winds across my temples steal.

But I shall yet be well;  
Aye! well forever when I go alone,  
And wear the spotless robe of life and love,  
And with my Saviour dwell:  
My heart grows calm, and hushed is every fear,  
I shall be well again—but O! not here.

MATILDA.



## James G. Percival.

On another occasion, the following circumstance, showing a characteristic feature of the poet, occurred. "A friend noticed that the cap, which had so long peered above the cloak in which the Doctor enveloped himself was becoming altogether too shabby, and left word with a hatter on the main street to present him with a more appropriate, though less poetical covering. In the most delicate way possible, the shopman intimated to the poet that any hat on the counter was at his service—but the poet turned on his heel with contempt. He would never accept a pecuniary favor of any description. Being at one time somewhat embarrassed by his expenditures on his books, some of his friends made up a purse of fourteen hundred dollars which they tendered him to relieve his difficulties. He would only accept it as a loan, and not only insisted upon giving security, but actually gave it in a mortgage on his library, from which his friends were ultimately reimbursed, principal and interest."

We will add, for the sake of illustrating the personal appearance and habits of Dr. Percival, the relation of an incident which fell under the observation of a gentleman who met him while he was making his geological tour. "In one of our customary walks we met with an individual whose aspect, from his occasion-

al wildness of mien, as well as singular dress, attracted our attention. He was clad in an old frock coat, buttoned up to the chin; on his head was a straw hat which looked as if it had been tanned by exposure to the storms of a century, furrowed with seams and somewhat the worse for wear; the rest of his apparel beneath appeared to consist of a rough coarse pair of pantaloons and boots of a similar quality; while from his pocket projected the handle of a hammer. We had met the poet before, but under different circumstances, and were by no means prepared to recognize him in the strange form before us, although it could not be denied that his dress, while somewhat rusty, was appropriate to his vocation. There was only time for us to be informed that it was Percival, when before we could venture a closer observation, he had passed from sight."

In 1843 appeared at New Haven Dr. Percival's last published volume of poetical productions, entitled "The Dream of a Day," and other poems, including "Classic Melodies." In 1854, he was appointed state geologist of Wisconsin, and published his report on that survey in Jan. 1855. It was while engaged in his arduous labors in that field in preparing his second report, his health gave way, and after a gentle decline he breathed his last. This event occurred at



Hazel Green, Wisconsin, May 2, 1856. He was therefore sixty-one years old, within a few months. The announcement of the event occurring, as it did, at a distance from his home, in the vigor of his faculties, in the field of his labors, was received with profound sensation throughout the country. Public bodies as well as private citizens united in their testimonials of sorrow, at the unexpected and melancholly bereavement.

At the May monthly meeting of the executive committee of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, Mr. Calkins, in announcing the event in an address to the president, made the following among other remarks. "I have been requested to announce in appropriate terms, the painful intelligence of the death of James G. Percival, a name which should be preserved in the memorials of this society, and an event to which is due the most solemn forms of private and public grief. In his mature age, in the ripeness of his fame, with his honors thick upon—a noble man—of an imperial race—has passed to his long home. Dr. Percival was a man of vast learning. His researches had extended into almost every field of literature and science. None but a poet can know the beauties and delights that intermit his torture—the extremes of his grief and gladness—the glimmer or the gloom in which his spirit reposes. His is the vision, the joy and the sorrow with which no stranger intermeddeth. Around the tombs of such as he, it is no weakness to mourn. Nor do we mourn alone. Wherever science has a devotee or

learning is revered, the death of Percival has been felt as a personal calamity. And a grander chorus of sorrow than ours will ascend. Grand forms will bow and swell the profound lament."

From this brief notice of the life of Percival, we turn to a consideration of his poetry—indeed, the two are so inseparably connected that we cannot dwell upon one without incorporating with it the other. If ever a poet was revealed in his works, that poet is Percival. We have always been familiar, more or less, with his poems. However, what we shall say here has been suggested to us by a recent persual of them. But, first, for a proper understanding of the subject, a succinct historical review of the state of American literature, and particularly American poetry at the time when Percival began his literary career, may be desirable.

The revival of poetry in England, at the close of the eighteenth century, is one of those phenomena which has been often alluded to by historical writers, but which has failed to receive an altogether satisfactory explanation. To discuss the general causes which have been assigned for the solution of the problem, would exceed our limits: it will be sufficient for our purpose to specify one cause which has had an important bearing in producing the result, viz: the influence of *individual mind* on the literary character of the age. The connection of literature with the peculiar circumstances of a nation's life, is a matter of historical record. The history of English poetry has been divided by Coleridge into three



periods, or sections. The first period he represents as including all the poets from Chaucer to Dryden; the second all those from Dryden inclusive to the close of eighteenth century; and the third all those of his own generation—among whom we may name as chiefly conspicuous Coleridge himself, Southey and Wordsworth. The first was an era of “strength, youth, and outburst;” the second was one “of cleverness, conceit, and poverty;” and the last period was that “of revival.” It is believed that the style of poetic composition embraced in the second era above described, fell into disfavor mostly from the circumstance that the traditionary effusions of the Muse of an earlier period were collected in several instances, and spread before the reading public in the eighteenth century, thereby creating a taste for verse of a more racy and natural kind. Addison’s commendation, in the *Spectator*, of the ballad of Chevy Chase, was adapted to produce a favorable change in poetic taste, coming as that recommendation did from a master of criticism. The publication by Dr. Thomas Percy of *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* doubtless added to the same result; while at a date somewhat latter, the giving to the public by Sir Walter Scott of a collection of *Scottish Borders*, must have increased the desire for poetry breathing the language of nature and passion.

In America as in England the same thing occurred with reference to its literature, the effects of which have been scarcely less apparent. The American Revolution was only

one manifestation of that sudden expansion and vital energy given to thought at this era, which was visible no less in literature than in politics. The poetry of the Revolution was peculiar, and such as was suggested by the character of the times and the exigencies of the country. When the Independence of the nation was achieved, and not till then, the mind of the citizen had leisure to turn to other themes and engage in direct efforts in the higher departments of works of taste and imagination, embodied in more permanent contributions to the national literature. The authority of great names in English poetry, as in Great Britain, has had its influence on the productions of American poets. While some were enamored with the writings of the early English dramatic and epic poets, such as Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, and Milton, others took for their models the later poetical writer, such as Pope, and Campbell. American poetry has always been fragmentary in its character; it was so during the revolution; it has been so in a great measure since—being the production of those who have taken time for such efforts from other more regular employments. With the exception of Dwight’s *Conquest of Canaan*, and Greenfield Hill, Barlow’s *Columbiad*, Trumbull’s *McFingal*, and perhaps one or two others, no considerable continuous poem appears at this period to have been published. The poetry of the Revolution consisted of ballads and odes, adapted to popular airs, mostly of irregular form, in which more atten-



tion was paid to the meter than the sense, full of extravagant and metaphorical allusions. In connection with the above mentioned pioneers of American poetry, are found also the names of Hopkins, Alsop, and Theodore Dwight, who belonged to that famous class of individuals called "Hartford wits," whose publications in the "Echo," in 1870, made such a sensation throughout the land. "They consisted of satires, mostly in the form of paradoxes and burlesques, with occasional passages of more serious character. They attracted great attention at the time, and had a wholesome effect in curing the public of a taste for individual bombast that prevailed."

It was not many years after this period that Percival began to write. His first collection of poetry he gave to the world in 1820. It cannot be denied that, considering the circumstances of the country, it was the kind of poetry best adapted to counteract the tendency to extreme mannerism which characterized the followers of Pope and Campbell, in opposition to the adherent of Chaucer and Spenser, and thus to exercise a beneficial influence on the growth of American literature. With which class of poets Percival most sympathized is abundantly evident from the character of his productions, no less than from his sentiments, as expressed in his preface to the second part of Clio. Our author thus remarks: "There has lately been an interesting controversy on this subject; and even now the lovers of poetry and pretenders to taste are arranged under different standards.

Some dwell on the rich fancy, the deep feeling, the strong passion, and vivid imagery of the early school of the days of Elizabeth. They readily pardon their negligence and occasional coarseness, their contempt of all the rules of rhetoric and the improbabilities of their fictions, for the deep and rich vein that shines through them. Others take Pope and Campbell for their standards. The smoothness of their versification, the perfect correctness and propriety of their language, the fastidiousness of their taste, and their regular chime of thought and measure, constitute, with this class of *amateurs*, the *ne plus ultra* of poetic excellence. Of these two classes, I confess myself most attached to the former."

We have said that Percival was a favorite of the past, and is that of many of the present generation. The expression needs some qualification. He has never been popular with the masses: yet for the "fit audience though few" whose hearts have been shadowed by his silence, and in whose innermost spirit his peerless utterances, are treasured and enshrined," he has ever been a cherished poet. However it may be in this utilitarian age (and even here he has his admirers) characterized by rapid progress in scientific improvement and literary achievement, when genius has for the most part left the service of the Muses to tunnel mountains, bridge cataracts, and unite with the electric telegraph continent to continent, it must be admitted that his verse was well adapted to the times in which he lived. Not only negatively, by opposing



the prevalent tendency to an artificial style of thought and expression—the so-called poetic diction to which Wordsworth so graphically alludes, and of which some of his own verses are the best refutation—but positively, by infusing new life and energy into the language of song, he led the way in a measure for the more progressive and humanizing poetry that marks the present era, of which Whittier, and Lowell, and Longfellow, and Teunyson, are the exponents.

The views expressed above will be substantiated by reference to Percival's poems taken in the order of their publication. To commence with his first production, the minor poems, including *Prometheus*, Part 1. The former are worthy of notice as being his first performances, not so much for the real poetic merit they display, being rather promise than fulfillment. They serve to announce the emerging of a new poetic genius above the literary horizon. The chivalrous manner in which the young adventurer commenced his career in giving to the world a few detached poems at irregular intervals, not for the illustration of a poetic theory, but from the inward promptings of the muse, suggesting the idea of the lays of the German Minnesinger or French Troubadour, improvised on some theme of amatory or historic interest, itself had a charm for a certain class of readers, who had neither time nor inclination to devote to the perusal of a continuous poem. The excuse which the

poet himself makes for adopting this plan in the early literature of a nation, viz: that "the public does not then reward authors sufficiently to warrant them in giving months and even years to the perfecting a few hundred lines," may be accepted. We believe the true reason, however, to lie in the structure of the poet's mind, as has been remarked in regard to him by a former reviewer of his first publications, who says: "We doubt whether it would be possible for Dr. Percival to confine his attention to any one subject, however extensive or interesting, sufficiently long to produce regular or continuous poem." We do not consider "*Prometheus*" as an exception to this remark. That some of these poems were hastily written—without sufficient care and attention, savoring, too, of youth and inexperience, will be admitted; yet, taken as a whole, they will compare favorably with those which have gained celebrity, as the first performances of other youthful aspirants to poetic distinction. Many of them, indeed, particularly the lyrical and national odes, are unsurpassed by any of his latter and more elaborate productions. To recur to the plan of our author above mentioned, it cannot be doubted that it has its advantages, one of which is, that of giving the poet an opportunity to ascertain the public taste in regard to compositions of this kind, and to shorten the intervals between each successive publication, should success crown the enterprise.



ORIGINAL.

**My Native Land Farewell!**

BY CARRIE BELL.

Land of my birth, farewell;  
I may not linger more  
Beside the streams I love so well,  
Or tread thy hallowed shore;  
I ne'er may come again to pluck  
The flowers that sweetly spring,  
Or wander o'er thy sunny hills  
And list the sweet birds sing!

'Twas here I roved a happy child,  
When I was free from care;  
My girlhood's brightest, sweetest dream  
Have all been cherished here;  
'Twas here I taught my heart to nurse  
The first wild dream of love—  
Alas! that it should perish thus,  
And memory left to rove.

'Twas here that I first touched my lyre  
To poetry's sweet strain,  
And now beneath these sunny skies  
I strike its chords again,  
Ah! soon my harp thy notes so glad  
Will change to sorrow's tune,  
For never more my heart can wake  
To joy—each joy has flown.

'Tis evening, and I come again  
Beside this spot to weep,  
While sadly o'er my spirit's chords  
Sweet recollections sweep.  
This is my last, my last farewell,  
Thou dearest spot of earth;  
My heart can have no other home  
But thou, land of my birth.



But now, farewell ! in other lands  
 My weary feet must roam;  
 I may not linger on this spot,  
 Once, but no longer home;  
 Birds, flowers, and streams, farewell—  
 All that was once so dear;  
 I cast one lingering look on thee,  
 Then drop the parting tear!

Oh ! when I close my eyes in death;  
 Yes: when my dreams are o'er,  
 Then bring me back and make my grave  
 On Georgia's sunbright shore,  
 Where the flowers I loved so well in life,  
 Above my head will wave,  
 And the birds will come and sing their songs  
 Around my lonely grave!

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

DEAR COUSIN LUCY:—I see by the *Home Journal* of last week, that an important "American question" is at last in a fair way of being settled. Heretofore, when one has heard a man spoken of as a "gentleman," nothing distinctive was conveyed by the term. He may be rich or poor, live over his own grocery, or in a "brown stone front" on Fifth Avenue; he may be a blacksmith, or a lawyer, or a shoemaker, or a clergyman, or a tailor, somebody or nobody; we can't tell what he is.

Our journalist proposes to remedy this inconvenience by transplanting hither an English custom, which

shall serve as a sort of patent of nobility, easy to be known and read of all men. When residing in London, he was much impressed by the distinguished air given to the aristocratic "West End," by the number of gentleman who appeared daily riding for pleasure on horseback, with mounted grooms following at a respectful distance. This last seems to have struck him as the finishing touch of gentility, because indicating a person raised above even the suspicion of those vulgar necessities—employment and economy. A man of moderate means and doubtful social position might be seen on



horseback; but the daily attendance of a *mounted groom* pointed, beyond all mistake, to those supernal heights of wealth and luxury, whose favored inhabitants are required to discuss no weightier question than how to be as helpless as possible, and how to get rid of time.

The approaching opening of the New-York Central Park, with its splendid arrangements for equestrian exercise, seems to our writer a favorable opportunity for developing this ornamental feature of society on American soil. Indeed, he proves so clearly the absolute necessity of "the mounted groom," that one must wonder how a simple man on horseback can have been so long tolerated in fashionable precincts. But we are a young nation, and all things can't be learnt in a day.

Should the suggestion be favorably received, the next important point will be to find a distinctive title for this new order of nobility; and it seems to me Lucy, that I have lighted on a happy one; peculiarly appropriate to the sort of persons most likely to indulge aspirations in this direction. In the village of B. were two or three families, which having risen, by dint of hard work and easy consciences, from poverty to wealth, made a sudden irruption into the little world of village exclusives, and by a magnificent show of fine clothes and entertainments, "regardless of expense," fairly took the place by storm as the leaders of fashion. The greatest swell among them all was a Captain Bragg, who now looked down with aristocratic scorn on the "plebeians," and forsook the Metho-

dist for the Episcopal church, because the latter was "so historical and hereditary!" One of his former cronies, not liking the airs of the Captain, dubbed the parvenus (with an allusion to the livery stable by which their representative man had made his money,) *the horse-tail aristocracy.* It strikes me, Lucy, that this pithy term is just the designation for the new class of ornamentals about to effloresce on our plain republic—the young men who are to make it their peculiar glory to sport fast horses in Central Park, with mounted grooms at their heels. It so happily embodies the characteristic idea. "Who is he?" asks the young lady of *ton*, just introduced to a young man at a ball. "He is a gentleman!" That tells her nothing. "He is one of the horsetail aristocracy." That tells the whole story in a word; and she no longer fears that she shall compromise her social standing by engaging herself to him for the next polka. I am sorely tempted, Lucy, to make the suggestion public; for it seems to me that so exactly the right thing cannot be found twice.

Our cynical friend — takes a different view of the case; but that is not strange in a person of his old-fashioned training. He declares that these "funny doings," which he allows, may have a certain grace and propriety under an aristocratic government, become simply vulgar and ridiculous when aped in a democracy. There they are the exponents of real things, of solid and permanent social advantages, founded it may be on very wrong notions of



human rights, but still real—the gorgeous flowers which spring naturally from a deep, rich soil. In Captain Bragg's phrase, they are "historical and hereditary." They speak of long lines of descent, of vast estates handed down from one generation to another, of princely trains of servitors, of a refinement of culture in tastes, habits, and even in physical organization, for which have been required ages of wealth and leisure and social superiority. How absurd for the sons of John Smith and Richard Stubbs, honest tradesmen or mechanics, to make believe they are gentlemen in any such sense! We have a better and as prouder story to tell, says our old friend, the story of honest labor with hands and head, and let us tell it by the manly and simple habits which both express and help us to preserve the characteristic virtues of a republic. And after all, he continued, the most substantial portion of the English gentry despise such stuff! And he reminded me of a little scene in Bulwer's "My Novel;" where

Frank, the son and heir of a country Squire puts in his claim to the specific luxury under discussion, viz: the attendance of a "mounted groom" in a morning call he is about to make. His father tells him that the grooms are all busy; to which the young man replies that if he is to call on a gentleman, he wants to go as a gentleman. Whereupon the honest old Squire bursts out in towering wrath: "You snobbish puppy! I've rode all my life without a groom, and I guess I'm as much of a gentleman as you any day!" "Snobbish!" added Mentor, with a double mark of admiration in his tone, "that's just the word. And if such things are snobbish there, what must they be here, where they are all imitation and sham?"

These antiquated fathers are terrible obstacles to progress on both sides of the sea, Lucy; but Young America is another guess sort of a character from Young England, and when the Central Park opens, we shall see who has the reigns.

COUSIN MARY.

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ORIGINAL.

### A Hymn.

To him who guides our youthful way  
 Let now the notes of praise arise,  
 E're days last beams shall fade away,  
 And darkness hover o'er the skies.



Bright angels round the glorious throne,  
Respond to songs earth's children make,  
And mighty Gabriel's loudest tone,  
Echoes on high the notes of praise.

With hundred tongues on land and sea,  
Nature from every shore calls  
And sounds the strain from mound and lea,  
And spreads his love from star to star.

The wild flower paints his beauty fair;  
The murmuring stream and placid lake,  
The forest songster soon in air;  
Loud anthems to His goodness wake.

Then let the mind immortal wake,  
A louder and yet louder song;  
And every heart and spirit soar,  
The joyous echoes to prolong.

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### The Sidewalk Cleaner's Faith.

A friend spoke of a touching case in our hearing the other day. During one of the snow-storms of the past winter, a kind-hearted lady was importuned, by a very small boy, for the job of clearing her sidewalk and steps,—She thought him quite unequal to the task, but yielded to his entreaties, and became interested to inquire into his circumstances. He was, perhaps, from six to eight years of age, and literally alone in the world, without father, mother or friend! He lodged with some poor body, and paid his way, with a right manful heart, by means of jobs like this. She asked him if he did not sometimes find it impossible to get anything to do, which he confess-

ed was too often the case. "Don't you sometimes get discouraged, then, and feel afraid that you can't get along?"

The child looked up with a perplexed and inquiring eye, as if uncertain of her meaning, and troubled with a new doubt. "Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a feller, if he puts his trust in Him, and does the best he can?"

His questioner felt rebuked by the simple faith, and sorry that she had disturbed it by interposing her own doubts. She took pains to investigate the case, and became the little boy's patron, and he is now doing well under her care; or rather under that of the God in whom he trusted.



For the Aurora.

## Letter to Young Ladies.

NUMBER XVII.

MY DEAR GIRLS: One of your number has imposed on me a heavy task by requesting that I should write out for you, "the secret of being agreeable." The task is hard, first, because, in this oppressively hot July weather, the secret of keeping cool, is the only secret one can possibly feel much interest to know, and secondly, because the secret of which you desire to be put in possession, is one of which your friend Eugenia "has never been able to acquire a practical knowledge. She has however had some opportunity for observation, and she will cheerfully give you the result of her marks and remarks upon mankind in general, and womankind in particular, hoping they may afford you some assistance in discovering the secret you wish to learn. The desire to please, is a principle deeply rooted in the human heart, and it lies at the foundation of all that is desirable, in social intercourse. It is intimately connected with all that is amiable in the female character, and that lady who has no desire to make herself agreeable to those around her, is a libel upon her sex.

That a vast difference exists in different individuals as regards the power of pleasing, is a fact obvious

to all, and as the desire to possess this power is almost universal, there must be mistakes to be avoided by those who would obtain it. I will describe to you two real characters with whom I have been intimately acquainted, but I will not tell you when or where they lived, as that has no connection with our present object.

Flavia is possessed of those external advantages by which she might render her society valued and valuable. She desires to be agreeable, not because she can thereby contribute more to the happiness of others, but because she loves admiration. She converses in the most flippant manner upon those subjects which happen to be floating in her mind, without any reference to the taste of the person addressed. But soon the vacant expression and evident uneasiness of her auditor tell her too plainly that he is bored. At another time she endeavours to render herself amusing by ridiculing various individuals of her acquaintance. She displays a vast deal of wit and her companions join in the laugh, but it is with the impression that they would share the same fate, if they happened to be among the absent ones, and thus a feeling of dis-



like is produced, which causes them to avoid her society in future.

She now hears some person of intelligence, complain of the trivial topics in vogue in common conversation, and hence she fancies the secret of being agreeable would be to talk learnedly. She now applies herself eagerly to books, not for the purpose of enlarging her range of thought, but to store her memory with quotations and allusions, that shall draw upon her the gaze of admiration. But after all her pains, she finds that the society of others is preferred to her own, and now envy begins to rankle in her bosom. She can join, perhaps, in the commendation of her female friends, but can never leave the subject, till some fault or some deficiency of character is pointed out. This is clothed in the language of regret, but the black spot on her heart is easily discernable, and she cannot be agreeable to others, because all her thoughts and feelings center in self. We will leave her to shed bitter tears of disappointment over her mistaken course, while we turn our attention to a more pleasing picture. Ella was blest with tender and judicious parents, who from her infancy were careful to repress her selfishness, and cultivate the kind and benevolent affections of her heart. She was distinguished, while at school, for the correctness of her deportment, and never was she known to give pain to her teacher, or to annoy her studious companions, for the sake of the momentary gratification which the indulgence of any little piece of fun might afford her. She was ever ready to

sacrifice her own individual convenience for the general good. She applied herself to study with all the ardor of one who is intent upon high and noble achievements; not for the purpose of securing to herself that deference which is awarded to superior intelligence, but she had resolved to live for the benefit of others, and she was well aware that to accomplish this object in the best manner, a high degree of mental culture is necessary.

She knew very well, that while the natural kindness of her heart might prompt her to administer to the physical wants of those around her, a well stored mind alone would enable her to minister to their intellectual, which are no less real than their physical wants. She was aware that to be an agreeable companion for intelligent beings, she must be herself intelligent—she must possess a mind strengthened by discipline—capable of grasping the most elevated thoughts. With this conviction, she needed no other stimulus to secure her undivided attention to study. After what I have said, I need not tell you, that as a scholar, Ella possessed the secret of being agreeable. But now we see her emerging from the school-room, and entering upon the more active scenes of life. The verbs of *Levizac* have all been conjugated, the problems of *Ray* and *Greenleaf* solved, and the propositions of *Legendre* demonstrated. She has treasured up the principles of moral and intellectual science, she can call stars by name, and look with a scientific eye upon the globe on which she treads. But see her on her return to the paternal



roof; though she has a mind that can glean from the buried past or pierce futurity, she takes delight in performing the most trivial offices that can contribute to the comfort and happiness of those she loves. She has respect for the feelings of her inferiors, and never causes them pain by an unkind expression, when she enters society, she does not sit with forbidding looks, nor gaze round upon the company with a vacant stare, but either enters herself into conversation or listens with interested and animated countenance to the conversation of others. When she happens to be thrown into the society of those whose advantages have been more limited than her own, she does not try to excite their astonishment by displaying her superior acquirements, for she is really more anxious that they should be pleased with themselves, than they should admire her, hence she is careful to select for conversation, those topics in which they can appear to the best advantage, and to draw them out in such a manner that they may not be sensible of their inferiority.

When engaged in conversation, she never withdraws her attention from the remarks made in her hearing, in order to think what she shall say next, for she has not vanity enough to suppose that her ideas are more important than those of others. She thinks no evil, but ever places the most favorable construction upon the conduct of others which the case will admit. No cloud of jealousy ever darkens for a moment the serenity of her brow. Ever ready to esteem others better than herself, she

has no fear of being undervalued by any one, and it is rather a matter of astonishment to her that she is esteemed, for all the world exclaims, "how agreeable is Ella!" Every grade, from the most elite in society down to the humble occupant of the negro cabin unite in declaring her a most charming young lady. "Where did Ella learn the secret of being agreeable?" I will tell you, and I hope you may be induced to seek information from the same source. It was from the volume of Inspiration. She there learned that selfishness, whether it lead its victims to wrap themselves up in moody silence, or prompt them to efforts for display, is equally hateful in the sight of God and man; and she sought to have its influence subdued by the power of divine grace. While engaged in scientific pursuits, she studied with prayerful attention, that volume which kept the mind of Newton humble, while soaring among the stars, and she has had engraven on her heart, the unearthly maxim, "all things you would have others do to you, do ye the same to them." The religion of the heart is the secret spring of all Ella's conduct. This is the source from whence flows that meekness of spirit, which renders her so lovely, and so universally beloved.

And now, my dear girls, I can only say in conclusion, if you would learn the secret of being agreeable you must look carefully within, and regulate the secret springs which govern your actions. Cultivated minds and refined manners will add much to your attractiveness, but after all your greatest charm lies in a warm, confiding, unselfish heart.

Your very affectionate friend,

EUGENIA.



For the Aurora.

### The Idol.

Why wert thou taken hence so soon,  
Thou who wast all the joy I had,  
My life's best hope, the flower, the bird,  
That made life glad.

Why wast thou taken, all around  
Were flowers as bright and fair as thou,  
Why did the fate I dreaded so  
Fall on thy brow.

Dark seems the providence that called  
Thy smile so early from our home,  
I almost murmur as I kneel  
Beside thy tomb.

And yet I know thou art at home,  
At home where all the angels are,  
At home, ah! this is all that calms  
My wild despair.

At home forever, free from pain,  
And free from sorrow, pain and woe,  
At home thrice blessed hope to those  
Who weep below.

Ah! soon we shall go up to thee,  
And find thee where no tears are shed,  
Slight is the veil that hides from us  
Our cherished dead.

MATILDA



### Single Women.

If I mistake not, my dear sisters, before this picture which I have drawn of the Christian wife and mother, the heart of one woman sinks within her, and a silent tear moistens her eye. This woman, perhaps from circumstances, perhaps from choice, perhaps from a generous sacrifice, or from religious fidelity, has become wife nor mother. Understand her well; it is but a holy jealousy that troubles her this moment. Exclusively preoccupied with the sublime mission of her sex, she would accept without difficulty all of the incompleteness, according to opinion, according to the heart, and to the law of Providence, which her position offers. But having no one to whom to devote herself, she is compelled to restrain within her own bosom the thirst for the sacrifice which consumes her, without profiting any one; to this she cannot consent. My sister, my noble sister, shall the delicacy of my subject close my lips? It signifies not that it is delicate, provided I accomplish my mission of the ministry of Jesus, in aiding you to accomplish yours as a woman. You are, I love to tell you, in a complete illusion. Your position viewed in the light of God, and the interest of your mission, is a privileged one, if you can so regard it. Believe the Apostle, writing to the Corinthians: "There is a difference, also, between a wife and a virgin." The unmarried women cared

for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit; but she that is married careth for the things of the world how she may please her husband. And thus I speak for your own profit; not that I may cast a snare upon you, but for that which is comely, and that ye may attend upon the Lord without distraction. But if any man thinketh that he behaveth uncomely towards his virgin, if she pass the flower of her age, and need so require, let him do what he will, he sinneth not; let them marry. Nevertheless, he that standeth steadfast in his heart, having no necessity, but hath power over his own will, and hath so decreed in his heart that he will keep his virgin; doeth well.— So then, he that giveth her in marriage doeth well, but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better.— Strange words, it must be confessed and which it has been easy to misconstrue to the profit of erroneous views of celibacy, established as a favorite time in the church. Without doubt, the language of Paul must be explained by the particular circumstances of the time in which he wrote; but we may boldly declare that he would never have expressed himself in this manner if he had considered your position as of inferior importance to that of the wife, in the service of the Lord, and in the accomplishment of your mission. He chose himself an analogous po-



sition, not only to prove to the churches his disinterestedness, and to relieve them of the burden of his support, but to give himself "unto the Word and prayer," with greater freedom; freedom of time, of action, of mind, and in short, of heart.

These reasons are worth as much to you as to the apostles, and the last has a special value for woman: it is this, above all, which I desire to make you understand. There is in the heart of woman a power of loving, to which man cannot attain. In the natural position, which is conjugal life, this power expands and satisfies itself in the family, upon a husband and children. In single life it finds light by another road, and throws itself into one or the other of these two ways. In the first place it turns within and concentrates itself in selfishness; from whence springs egotism without measure or scruple. Probably in this class of women we find the most humiliating examples of self-love, of curiosity, of idleness, of avarice, of worldliness, and altogether of petty existence, miserably consumed in trifling pleasures. Or, in the other case, it turns without, diffusing itself in love to God, and to our neighbor, and impels woman to devote herself to the good of humanity, as a wife or mother lives for family. Then, by an apparent contradiction, charity gains at the same time in breadth and depth; in breadth, because it extends beyond the domestic circle, in depth because it assumes the ardor of a necessity, and the enthusiasm of personal feeling, saying nothing of a tinge of sweet melancholy, which well be-

comes it, and which also, in its way, stimulates it. In this way holy and Christian women are found; or, as I might say, the daughters of holiness and charity, among whom we must seek for the most accomplished models of Christian benevolence; who, weary of earth, impatient of heaven, by the simplicity of their zeal, by the purity of their renunciation, by the abundance of their good works, seem perpetually occupied in filling an immense void which God has made in their hearts for the good of humanity. Their ranks are open to you; enter them, following in the footsteps of the many women who have chosen this position in order to be more useful in the world. Enter them and give yourself no repose until you have learnt to see in your isolation a merciful privilege.

God has prepared before you, according to the Apostle, a path of good works: to walk in it you only need a heart truly consecrated, not with that selfish devotion which seeks self even in sacrifice, but with that disinterested devotion, which sacrifices if necessary even itself. "Open thine eyes, and thou shalt be satisfied with bread." Look first around you, and see if your family relations do not offer you the opportunities you desire. We find sometimes very near us, the thing which we seek at the ends of the earth. In default of a father and mother who have left you, you have perhaps a young brother at the outset of life, to whom you can be a friend and mother; or a sister, it may be, ready to sink under the envied burden of a family, if she finds not in you that comple-



ment of strength, of time, of health, of light, which God has so plainly given her in you. Your heart demands a family. Well now, here is one. It is not yours; I know that it is not all that you desire; but it is that which God has chosen for you, my sister, providing, at the same time for the good of others by your your charitable labors, and for your own by your self-renunciation. No, when I demand of the whole earth a type of the charity most useful, most pure, most Christian, I find no where those conditions better fulfilled than in the good aunt, who with a marvellous forgetfulness of herself, accepts the fatigues and cares of maternity, without its ineffable compensations: mother, more than mother perhaps, when it is a question of serving and supporting; putting herself out of sight, when it is one of reaping and enjoying; sad, but with a heavenly sadness which translates itself into love and devotion.

What if no engagement of family binds you; extend your view; seek a family in all who need you, in relieving the unfortunate, in founding or sustaining charitable institutions, in aiding a faithful minister in his labors, in all the good works for which God seems expressly to have reserved your liberty. Or, embrace if you can, a still wider field: embrace the world if you will, provided it is in love. Renew in your person the holy office of deaconess; prepare yourself for it, if necessary, in these schools which a vigilant and ingenious charity opens to-day to pious females, go, another Phebe, carry your services now to Rome, now to Cen-

chrea, sometimes in a hospital, sometimes in a family, sometimes in a church, wherever they shall be claimed, even if it be in behalf of some heathen nation, shut up under other skies. In fine, fulfill so well your mission, that at the hour of death, each of you will congratulate herself upon the happy isolation which permitted so much devotion; so fulfill it, that in the affectionate regrets which follow to the tombs your mortal remains, none shall discover whether you were wife, or mother, sister or aunt, parent or stranger, because they see it not in your sacrifices!

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### Sin And Folly Of Scolding.

"Fret not thyself to do evil."—Psalm 37:2.

1. IT IS A SIN AGAINST GOD.—It is evil an only evil, and that continually. David understood both human nature and the law of God. He says, "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil." That is, never fret or scold, for it is always a sin. If you cannot speak without fretting or scolding, keep silence.

2. IT DESTROYS AFFECTION.—No one ever did, ever can, or ever will love an habitual fretter, fault-finder, or scolder. Husbands, children, wives, relatives, or domestics, have no affection for peevish fretful fault-finders. Few tears are shed over the graves of such. Persons of high moral principles may tolerate them—may bear with them. But they cannot love them more than the sting of nettles, or the noise of mosquitoes. Many a man has been driv-



en to the tavern and to dissipation by a peevish, fretful wife. many a wife has been made miserable by a peevish, fretful husband.

4. IT IS THE BANE OF DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—A fretful, peevish, complaining fault-finder in a family, is like the continual chafing of an inflamed sore. Woe to the man, woman, or child, who is exposed to the influence of such a temper in another. Nine-tenths of all domestic trials and unhappiness spring from this source. Mrs. A. is of this temperament. She wonders that her husband is not more fond of her company. That her children give her so much trouble. That domestics do not like to work for her. That she cannot secure the good will of young people. The truth is she is peevish and fretful. Children fear her, and do not love her. She never gained the affection of a young person, nor never will, till she leaves off fretting.

4. IT DEFEATS THE END OF FAMILY GOVERNMENT.—Good family government is the blending of authority with affection, so as to secure respect and love. Indeed, it is the great secret of managing young people. Now, your fretters may inspire fear, but they always make two faults where they correct one. Scolding at a child, fretting at a child, sneering at a child, taunting a child, treating a child as though it had no feelings, inspires dread and dislike, and fosters those very dispositions from which many of the faults of childhood proceed. Mr. G. and Mrs. F. are of this class. Their children are made to mind; but how? Mrs. F.

frets and scolds her children. She is severe enough upon their faults. She seems to watch them in order to find fault. She sneers at them. Treats them as though they had no feelings. She seldom gives them a command without a threat, and a long-running, fault-finding commentary. When she chides, it is not done in a dignified manner. She raises her voice, puts on a cross look, threatens, strikes them, pinches their ears, slaps their heads, etc. The children cry out, pout, sulk; and poor Mrs. F. has to do her work over pretty often. Then she will find fault with her husband, because he does not fall in with her ways, or chime with her as chorus.

5. FRETTING AND SCOLDING MAKE HYPOCRITES.—As a fretter never receives confidence and affection, so no one likes to tell them any thing disagreeable, and thus procure for themselves a fretting. Now, children conceal as much as they can from such persons. They cannot make up their minds to be open-hearted. So husbands conceal from their wives, wives from their husbands. For a man may brave a lion, but he likes not to come in contact with nettles and mosquitos.

6. IT DESTROYS ONE'S PEACE OF MIND.—The more one frets, the more he may. A fretter will always have enough to fret at, especially if he or she has the bump of order and neatness largely developed. Something will always be out of place. There will always be some dirt somewhere. Others will not eat right, look right, talk right. And fretters are generally so selfish, as to have no regard



for any one's comfort but their own.

7. IT IS A MARK OF VULGAR DISPOSITION.—Some persons have so much gall in their dispositions, are so selfish, that they have no regard to the feelings of others. All things must be done to please them. They make their husbands, wives, children, domestics, the conductors by which their spleen and ill-nature are discharged. Woe to the children who are exposed to their influences. It makes them callous and unfeeling;

and when they grow up, they pursue the same course with their own children, or those intrusted to their management; and thus the race of fretters is perpetuated. Any person who is in the habit of fretting, or sneering, or taunting husbands, wives, children, or domestics, shows either a bad disposition, or else ill-breeding. For it is generally your ignorant, low-bred people that are guilty of such things.

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ORIGINAL.

**Virtue's Power.**

Wealth may bind the human heart  
Fast in its control,  
Statesman, Hero, Priest, and Sage,  
Bow to catiff gold.

Virtue claims a wider realm,  
Nations own her sway;  
Monarchs, Potentates and Kings  
Hear her and obey.

Empty fame and high applause,  
All must cease with life,  
All must yield, when nature's laws  
End the living strife.

Virtue's banner waving wide,  
Brighter still will shine,  
When the world with all its pride  
Owns the end of time.

Deathless honor then shall throw  
Lustre on her way,  
While her star will brighter glow  
Through eternal day.

## GENIUS IN WOMEN.

In every direction, in the Eastern and Middle States, we at present hear of physical education. There has been a revival in favor of health and of rational education, and it is bearing good fruits. Even one or two universities are having gymnasiums put up and teachers provided for the bodily education of their students. Excellent works, by such writers as Sedwick, Trall, Jacques, Miss Beecher, Walker, and others, are being extensively read, while cricket, base-ball, swimming, and other exercises are enjoying unwonted popularity. The fact that the young must be trained and taught to be healthy is becoming a matter of common discussion, and here and there some writer, bolder than the rest, ventures to hint that at boarding schools the system is deficient which keeps youth for eight or nine hours at books, and for exercise sends them an hour on a funeral-like walk or permit them to be idle in the house.

It is principally for the enormous influence which it exerts on the intellect, health, and happiness of woman that such physical culture should be a matter of sacred obligation on parents as regards their daughters. There is a degree of ignorance and carelessness extant on this subject which, when examined, appears absolutely terrifying and amazing. By far greater majority even of American girls in the healthiest period of life are semi-invalids, while a still greater proportion are constant sufferers when a little advanced in life. All of this is the direct consequence of neglect. There is not one woman

in a thousand who exercises as she ought while young, or who is educated with a view to health. Of late years this neglect of physical development has been fearfully increased by the increased elegance of dress. Little girls are clothed in silks and crinoline to a degree and to a cost, which was never dreamed of twenty years ago. The result of all this is, "Children, behave yourselves and keep quiet!" Exercise is wanting, and disease follows languor.

One of the worst results of continually debaring women from proper exercise—and this has been done for thousands of years in all civilized countries—has been a reduction of mental force. Sedentary lives have given women nervous power, equivalent to occasional violent exertion, but have deprived them of the capacity for long-continued effort. We do not contend, as unreasoning people would, of course, at once assert, that woman is naturally as man. But we do believe, and experience has abundantly proved it, that nothing would be easier than to make all women stronger than the average of men in our Atlantic cities now are. This degree of strength was possessed by Greek women and Roman ladies, and it involved with them no sacrifice of grace. We consequently believe that the following extract from Charles Reade is an absurdity, if we regard it as setting forth a radical law.

"Nothing is so hard to woman as a long, steady struggle. In matters physical, this is the thing the muscles of the fair can not stand. In matters intellectual and moral, the



long strain it is that beats them dead. Do not look for a Bacon, a Newton, a Handell, a Victoria Hugo. Some American ladies tell us education has stopped the growth of these. No! mesdames. These are not in nature. They can bubble letters in ten minutes that you could no more deliver to order in ten days than a river can play like a fountain. They can sparkle gems of stories; they can flash like diamonds of poems. The entire troupe has never produced one opera, nor one epic that man could tolerate a minute; and why?—these come by long, high-strung labor. But weak as they are in the long run of everything but affection (and there they are giants,) they are all overpowering while their gallop lasts. Fragella shall dance any two of you flat on the floor before four o'clock, and then dance on till peep of day. You trundle off to your business as usual, and could dance again the next night, and so on through countless ages. She who danced you into nothing is in bed, a human jelly crowned with headache."

Even under the present neglect, ladies often show the falsehood of Reade's argument. Mary Cowden Clarke's sixteen years of labor on her Shakspearian Concordance was a pretty long strain. Ruskin, as a logical, steady, writer on art, is far inferior to Mrs. Jamieson—he, in fact, is the rhapsodical woman, she the reasoning man. The instance of a woman's receiving a high-toned, substantial education, such as most literary men who are scholars have enjoyed, is as rare an event as a youth's being brought up in petti-

coats, and yet Master Superficial Reade, who never had an idea above a light comedy, undertakes to say that *genius* is not in woman's nature. When woman is educated with a joint view to physical strength, permanent health, and mental vigor and earnestness, we shall see genius developed rapidly enough. It is only one woman in many thousands, among the educated, who shows genius, while it is only one woman in many thousands who gets an education.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

#### LIFE'S RECKONINGS.

Every experienced mariner feels the necessity of frequent and accurate reckonings. He must do this to ascertain his position amid the wide waste of waters; the distance he has run, and his possible vicinity to hidden rocks or dangerous shoals. On his vigilance and care depend the safety of the ship and the lives of the passengers. Some voyages are longer, and some are shorter. Some are dangerous, amid stormy seas, over distant oceans, while others are made by gentle winds or favoring gales across the tranquil waters. Many a voyage is rapid and prosperous; many others are abruptly terminated, and end disastrously on some iron-bound coast or lee shore. The winds will blow; the storm will rage, the waves will rise and roar. The gallant ship will be tossed and tumbled amid the surges, but the skillful seaman will trim his ship and watch his helm, and keep his reckoning; and then, let the winds blow and the billows rise, his ship



shall hold on her course or ride out the gale in safety.

Not much unlike this is the voyage of human life. Every man has launched his bark, firm or fragile, on life's ocean. He must take the voyage. It may be longer or shorter; it may be tranquil or tempestuous; it may be beneath sunny skies, or amid the darkest storm-clouds of ocean. The winds of temptation may blow furiously. The waves of sorrow, and the billows of disappointment and disaster may roll, roar and threaten to engulf you. The prince of the power of the air may send his fiercest blasts to drive the tossed mariner on some rock-bound coast or lee shore. He has done it often; innumerable wrecks of richly-laden barks are scattered all along the shores. But the voyage must be made—made once for all. There is

no return voyage. The dangers and the storms must be encountered. Look then to your reckoning. Examine well and often your chart, O! immortal mariner on life's ocean! Keep a watch on deck—be vigilant. When the fierce winds of temptation rise, and adverse gales blow furiously, stand by your helm. Keep your bark steady, and your eye of faith on the compass. Let the storm rage and the winds howl, it will but test your skill and constancy of faith, while you look up to Heaven for strength and firmness to meet and encounter the tempests and trials which are incident to the voyage of life. It will soon be over. The dangers will be passed and the voyage ended, when the soul, calm, peaceful and triumphant over every difficulty, shall enter joyfully the haven of eternal rest.

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ORIGINAL.

**It is Well.**

Trusting in the kindness and wisdom of the good Prophet, the mother almost forgot her deep sorrow as she answered his inquiry with the simple words, "It is well." Yes, she felt that it was well with the sweet child lying cold and still in its cradle, with the light gone from its laughing eye and the red from its soft lip. She knew it was dead, she had held it on her bosom and seen the last look of its closing eye, and felt the last clasp of its tiny fingers, and yet she pressed back the tears to her loving heart, and looking up calmly to the man of God she answered, "It is well."

Mourner hast thou been watching over the young child's cradle night after night waiting for health to come back to its sweet face? Hast thou hoped in vain? is the child dead? hast thou seen its dying agonies? Hast thou watched its last breath, and seen its last look fixed with unutterable love on thee? Then put thy hand in thy Father's and say, "It is well." He has taken it to his own house where he will keep it in peace forever. Thou hast a child in Heaven living among the angels. Think of this, poor, bereaved mother, and look up through thy falling tears and say "It is well."

MATILDA.



### The Border Land.

I have been to a land—a Border Land,  
Where there was a strange, dim light;  
Where shadows and dreams, in a spectral band,  
Seemed real to the aching sight.  
I scarce bethought me how there I came,  
Or if thence I should pass again;  
Its morning and night were marked by the flight  
Or coming of woe and pain.

But I saw from this land, the Border Land,  
With its mountain ridges hoar,  
That they looked across to a wondrous strand,  
A bright and unearthly shore.  
Then I turned me to Him, the Crucified,  
In most humble faith and prayer,  
Who had ransomed with blood my sinful soul,  
For I thought he would call me there.

Yet nay; for awhile in the border Land  
He bade me in patience stay,  
And gather rich fruits with a trembling hand,  
Whilst he cheered its gloom away.  
He has led me amid those shadows dim,  
And shown that bright world so near,  
To teach me that earnest trust in Him,  
Is the one thing needful here.

And so from that land, the Border Land,  
I have turned me to earth once more;  
But earth and its works are such trifles, scanned  
By the light of that radiant shore!  
And O, should they ever possess me again,  
Too deeply in heart and hand,  
I must think how empty they seemed, and vain,  
From the heights of the Border Land.

Oh! Holy Ghost, too often grieved  
In health and earthly haste,  
I bless those slow and silent hours,  
Which seemed to run to waste.  
I would not but have passed those depths,  
And such communion know,  
As can be held on the Border Land,  
With Thee and Thee alone.

I have been to a land, a Border Land:—  
May Oblivion never roll  
O'er the mighty lesson which then and there  
Have been graven on my soul!  
I have trodden a path I did not know,  
Safe in my Saviour's hand.  
I can trust Him for all the future now,  
I have been to the Border Land!

## Living Within the Means.

‘And so, Frank, you are really going to be married?’ asked uncle Joshua

‘I really am, sir,’ replied Frank.

‘And live on broth?’

‘Yes, sir, and, if I cannot afford that, on water-gruel.’

‘And pray, have you persuaded Jane to starve with you?’

‘I have persuaded her, sir, that we can be happy on the bare necessities of life; and those my industry will always procure us.’

‘How do you know, that you will always have health to labor in your profession?’

‘I ceriatnly do not; it would be presumption in me, to speak securely on that subject.’

‘Yet you are going to act as if this were a certainty.’

‘And is it wrong, my dear sir, that I should? I have health and strength,—these, to me, are positive wealth. I possess them now, and I must make the most of them. If the uncertainty of our possession is to paralyze our exertions, those who have money are nearly as bad off as those who have not. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away,—they are at the mercy of fire and water. Uncertainty is written upon all things. I believe my prospects are as stable as most people’s.’

‘Let me hear what they are.’

‘In the first place, sir, I have health;

in the next, activity; and then my profession is a pretty sure one. A physician will always find patients, if he is attentive and skilful; and I mean to be both. However, I confess that our greatest security for a living, will consist in our moderate desires and simple habits. You know, sir, Jane has no passion for fine dress, and in short——’

‘In short, Frank, you are determined to be married, and there is an end of all argument.’

‘I only wait for your consent, sir.’

‘You know very well that mine will follow Jane’s;—and she is willing to live with you on the bare necessities of life?’

Jane only answered by an assenting smile.

‘Very well, I give up; one thing, however, let me tell you,—beyond bread and water, a shelter for one’s head, a bag of straw to sleep on, and covering and fuel to guard us from the inclemencies of the weather, there are no positive necessities; all the rest are comparative!’

Jane had hitherto sat very quietly at her work; but she now laid it in her lap, and looked up with an air of astonishment.

‘You do not agree with me, I perceive,’ said uncle Joshua; ‘tell me, then, what you think are the necessities of life.’

‘I confess sir,’ said Jane, a little



contemptuously, 'when I agreed with Frank, that we could live on the necessities of life, I did not mean like the beasts of the field, or the birds of the air but, graduating our ideas to what is around us, I am sure we shall ask for nothing more than the necessities of life;—the luxuries,' added she, with a pretty sentimental air, 'we will draw from our own hearts.'

'And I,' said Frank, looking enchanted with her eloquence, 'shall be the happiest of men.'

'Graduating our ideas to what is around us!' exclaimed uncle Joshua. 'Ah, there it is; you could live on broth, or water-gruel, if every body else did; but the fact is, that nobody does, and so you, like the rest of the world, will live a little beyond your means.'

'No, sir,' said the young people, eagerly; 'we are determined to make it a rule never to exceed our means.'

'As long as you keep to that rule you are safe;—you do not know what it is to be beset by temptations. But I have done; advice is of little value, where we have nothing else to give,—and that is pretty much my case:—but a bachelor's wants are few.'

'Yes, dear uncle,' said Jane, smiling; 'he wants nothing but the necessities of life; an elbow-chair, a good fire, and a cigar half a dozen times a day; and long, long,' added she, affectionately embracing him, 'may you enjoy them, and give to us what is of far more value than money,—your affection,—and on every other subject, your advice.'

In one fortnight from this conver-

sation, Frank and Jane were man and wife. Perhaps a more united, or a more rational pair had seldom pronounced the marriage vow. They began with the purpose of incurring no debts; and took lodgings at a cheap rate, in an obscure, but populous part of the city.

Most young physicians begin life with some degree of patronage, but Frank had none; he came to the city a stranger, from the wilds of Vermont, fell in love with Jane Churchwood,—uncle Joshua's niece,—a man whom nobody knew, and whose independence consisted in limiting his wants to his means. What little he could do for Jane, he cheerfully did. But after all necessary expenses were paid, the young people had but just enough between them to secure their first quarter's board, and place a sign on the corner of the house, by special permission, with *Doctor Fulton*, handsomely inscribed upon it. The sign seemed to excite but little attention,—as nobody called to see the owner of it,—though he was at home every hour in the day.

After a week of patient expectation, which could not be said to pass heavily,—for they worked, read and talked together,—Frank thought it best to add to the sign, *Practices for the poor gratis*. At the end of a few days another clause was added,—*Furnishes medicines to those who cannot afford to pay for them*. In a very short time, the passers by stopped to spell out the words, and Frank soon began to reap the benefit of this addition. Various applications were made, and though they did not as yet promise any increase of revenue,



he was willing to pay for the first stepping stone. What had begun, however, from true New England *calculation*, was continued from benevolence. He was introduced to scenes of misery, that made him forget all but the desire of relieving the wretchedness he witnessed; and when he related to his young and tender-hearted wife, the situation in which he found a mother confined to her bed, with two or three helpless children crying around her for bread, Jane would put on her straw bonnet, and follow him with a light step to the dreary abode. The first quarter's board came round; it was paid, and left them nearly penniless. There is something in benevolent purpose, as well as in industry, that cheers and supports the mind. Never was Jane's step lighter, nor her smile gayer, than at present. But this could not last; the next quarter's board must be provided,—and how? Still the work of mercy went on, and did not grow slack.

'See,' said Jane, one morning, when she entered with a basket on her arm, 'see what a present our landlady has made me; and she displayed her broken bread and cold meat. 'I am going to poor Mrs. Barber's, to feed the children. Do you not think if I could every day carry your patients such a supply as this I should prove the best physician of the two?'

'Healthy food,' said Frank, 'is undoubtedly a preventive to disease; but allow me some merit, after the mischief is done. We will go together, however, this morning, as consulting physicians.'

And they went together to Ann Street, ascended a crooked flight of stairs, and entered the forlorn apartment, where lay the sick mother, while the hungry, squalid children were gathered round the ashes upon the hearth. But an object attracted their attention, that might be said to afford all the picturesque relief, which a painter would require in such a scene. By the side of the bed sat a lady in the prime of life, redolent with health and beauty, and dressed in the extreme of fashion. After gazing with some surprise at the new comers, she bent over the sufferer, sweeping her bird-of-paradise feathers in the sick woman's face, and inquired 'who they were?' In the meantime the children gathered round Jane, and with a true animal instinct, began to scent the provision that the basket contained. It was with difficulty she could restrain their eager appetites. The lady looked on with wonder,—and inhaled the odor of the vinaigrette attached to her watch-chain.

'I hope there is nothing infectious,' said she, in a low voice to the doctor.

He assured her there was not. 'She has been,' said he, 'too weak to work for several months, and is reduced to this state as much by the want of nourishing food, as disease.'

'Good heavens,' said the lady, putting her embroidered pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, 'why did she not go to the alms-house!'

The woman's lips moved but no sound was articulated.

'There is a very foolish prejudice against this institution,' said Mrs. Hart,—which was the name of the



lady. 'I have known many people that had rather beg than go there.'

'It is foolish,' said the doctor, 'if that is the case; but as long as people can earn a living without applying to the town for support, we must commend them for their exertion.'

'I am very sorry,' replied she, 'that Martha did not let me know her situation before; I certainly would have done all I could to relieve her.'

'Then you know her, madam,' said Jane, for the first time speaking to the lady.

'Yes,—that is, she has washed in my kitchen for some weeks.'

'Months,' said Martha, with exertion.

'She sent to me,' continued the lady, 'a few days ago, and I ordered my coachman, this morning, to find out where she lived, and I have ventured here, notwithstanding my weak nerves and delicate health.'

'How good of you, madam,' said Jane, who was evidently impressed by the apparent rank of the lady; 'Mrs. Barber is very destitute.'

'So I perceive; but I rejoice she has found friends in you, able and willing to assist her.'

'We are more willing than able,' said Jane meekly,

'That is precisely my case,' replied Mrs. Hart.

Jane glanced at her costly apparel.

'We, who are called *rich*,' said Mrs. Hart, 'have constant claims; but I will assist you in aiding poor Martha;—and she drew from her reticule a splendid crimson purse, and drawing back the gold rings, placed in

the woman's emaciated hand a small sum. Strange as it may seem, the woman discovered no gratitude, but rather made a rejecting motion.

'She is too sick, madam,' said Jane, springing forward, 'to thank you as she would; but if you will trust me, I will see that your bounty is properly applied to the wants of the family; they are suffering for almost every thing.'

'Certainly,' replied the lady; 'and I should esteem it a kindness, if you or Dr. Fulton would do me the favor to let me know how Martha *goes on*; my health does not permit such exertions as these often.'

Jane, who had been maturing a little plan in her own mind, for the benefit of the children, promised her she would call in a few days; and Frank, with a native politeness that quite won Mrs. Hart, saw her not only to the bottom of the crooked stairs, but to her carriage, where her footman stood, holding the door in waiting for his lady.

'How happy,' said Jane, when they returned home, 'must Mrs. Hart be, so benevolent and so rich!'

'How do you know, my dear, she is so rich?' said my husband.

'Why, did you not observe how costly her dress was?'

'That is no proof,' said Frank; 'you know she said, like us, she was more willing than able.'

'But you know her situation must be very different from ours; why, her pelisse cost more than all my gowns put together, I will answer for it.'

'If she spends so much upon her pelisse,' said Frank, laughing, 'I am afraid she has but little left to give away.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



### Ambitious Wives And Aspiring Mothers.

In this country, wealth is made the grand standard of respectability by those wives and mothers who, having toiled through a hard life, have at last through their thrift at home and the enterprise of their husbands abroad, made a stepping stone for themselves, or rather for their children into what they fondly believe is good society. The heads of these silly women seem sometimes to be completely turned; they revel in wild dreams of Alladdin brightness, in which their children shine as the stars of rich household firmaments, resplendent in rays of satin and portmonies full of gold.

To these silly, silly women is to be attributed the bankruptcy of many of our business men. Not a great while ago, a merchant failed, whose daughter's bills for dresses and jewelry for one year amounted to two thousand dollars! Think of that ye modest wives of men whose little income hardly exceeds eight hundred, on which you live, dress neatly and pay all your debts!

Men, goaded to a false ambition by the fancied wants of their families become at last, defaulters ruin the good name of their families, and escape justice by a resort to poison or the pistol.

Mothers, why will you not be christians, and square your lives by the blessed word that tells us how the lilies of the field more than rivaled the glorious raiment of one of the wisest and wealthiest of kings? Then your children would grow up

with other aims than to dress with the sole motive of outshining their butterfly neighbors.

They would seriously consider for what purpose they had been sent into the world; whether to administer continually on the altar of vanity and self-love; or to win a crown of glory as the agents of and co-workers with the great Author of their being, who will say "inasmuch as ye did it to one of these little ones ye did it unto me."

It makes us sad to see a fashionable mother with a fashionable child, the latter mincing along dressed in flounces, and gloves and shoes of kid, tossing her empty little head, bearing aloft a parasol edged with expensive lace, and looking altogether so little, old and apish that it is painful to feel one's self connected with such pitiful specimens by the ties of humanity.

And thus are thousands of children educated in this republican country, to flutter, to shine and to hunt for rich husbands; to lead frivolous lives, to bring another set of silly fools into the world, unless providence institutes a wholesome change, and reduces the minions of wealth to the children of poverty, and seekers after honest occupation.

Ambitious wives and aspiring mothers are truly among the curses of our land. It is a harsh charge to bring upon any one class, but we repeat it, they are greater curses, greater plagues than ever the Lord sent on the hardened children of Egypt, for they corrupt not the hearts of old and cruel kings, but of fresh and innocent souls; young, immortal



beings, given in their charge for a while that they may train them for heaven.

Contemplate for a moment, the sinless young creature lying in the arms of its mother or its nurse. Mark the white purity upon its brow, the clear, heaven-light in its innocent eyes—the delicate symmetry of its waxen limbs, enshrining a celestial flame—an undying soul—an awful yet sublime pledge of eternal life, given by the hand of God Himself.

On the right, an unseen figure stands,—the moral being of that child's future life, mature and beautiful. Majesty speaks in every movement—truth and sincerity make the eyes luminous; the record of high and holy deeds is stamped upon the brow bearing all of youth's freshness and manhood's sublimity of purpose. The flower and the fruit of the principles planted by a mother's hand with prayerful love, have matured, ripened, and are stored in precious keeping in the treasure-house of heaven. An angel of light bows low at the shrine of a mother's well-directed efforts.

On the left, crouches a miserable, deformed and vicious spirit, its brow black with raging passions; or perhaps the soul of a woman who knew no better life than to dress fashionably, rail at her neighbors, and foster an unnatural desire for the glitter and show of wealth. Poor coward soul! the mere beauty of mortality is all laid away to perish and the worm fattens on their delicate limbs, and makes his home in the soft laces of the shroud! But the soul—shrunk

and hideous, it faces the strange light of eternity as the timid eye turns to the sun, only to be hopelessly dazzled and blinded forever.

Not a sweet deed wrote its story on that miserable soul, while in the land of its earthly pilgrimage. Not a pitying thought towards the poor and the sorrowing has framed itself in that calloused heart. Sensuality, vanity, oppression and hatred of purity and goodness, have made the poor soul fit company only for fallen angels, outside the glorious gate of the New Jerusalem. Poor soul!—is that to be the destiny of the sweet cherub, sleeping in the arms of its nurse? It is for you to say, Oh! mother!

The vileness of such education, the results of which we have faintly showed forth, calls loudly for rebuke from every press in the land. They should cry aloud and spare not. For our women are not deficient, naturally or necessarily in good judgment and strong common sense. It is often, either the cramped faculties of an ignorant education, re-acting upon their children, that brings the misery; or the unthinking continuance of a system of which they themselves are the victims, and which they have not moral vitality enough to change unless the evil be constantly held up to them in the strongest language and with the most earnest protest. We for our part feel too deeply the value of an immortal soul to keep silent on the subject, and this will not be the last article in which we shall prove the faults of ambitious wives and aspiring mothers.

M. A. D.



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## Editor's Port-Folio.

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### A Mother's Responsibilities.

It may not be known to every mother that these responsibilities commence several months before the time that she descends, as it were into the valley of the shadow of death, to usher into being a new life at the peril of her own. Yet such is the fact, and it is a fact of too great practical importance to be innocently overlooked. At no subsequent period is the mother's power of affecting the physical, mental and moral character of her offspring so great as during these months. She should then, above all other times, strive to be in every respect just what she would wish her child to be. Would she wish it to inherit a well developed, sound corporeal frame? Let her attend carefully to all the laws of health in regard to fresh air, exercise, diet, regular rest, &c. Does she desire for it a cheerful, happy and benevolent disposition? It is in her power to confer upon it this priceless blessing by the habitual exercise of such feelings herself, during this interval, or she may by a neglect of her own temper, predispose it to be discontented, peevish and passionate. Does she desire for it activity and power of intellect? Let her engage daily in some pursuit, that will rouse her own mind to action, and tax her powers of thought as far as can be done without subsequent fatigue and exhaustion. Is it her wish that her child be predisposed to piety? Let her look well to the state of her own heart, and carefully cultivate her own detional feelings. If this period is passed by the mother in selfish indulgence, in bodily and mental indolence, there is every probability that her offspring will be such a specimen of humanity as the world has little use for, being already supplied with a superabundance of such characters. It is owing to this influence, more than to any influence subsequently exerted, that children so nearly resemble their mother, in their mental and their moral characteristics. Monod says that every great man is the child of his mother. This is undoubtedly true, but it is equally true that every other man is the child of his mother. Hence the improvement and elevation of the human race depends more upon mothers than upon all other human agencies combined. Much it is true depends upon education, yet there can be no doubt that every individual comes into the world with a bias of character which no subsequent train-



ing can entirely change. This is proved by the fact that children of the same family subjected apparently to the same outward influences, exhibit characteristics totally different from each other. Many a mother can trace peculiarities in her children directly to some circumstances in her own history which occurred previous to their birth. One lady of our acquaintance was all her life subject to great depression of spirits whenever the wind blew briskly, and if it blew at all violently, she could do nothing but walk the floor and wring her hands in great distress, and she was frequently obliged to take her bed for hours, though otherwise in good health. This lady's father who was a sea captain, was on the ocean several months previous to her birth, and her mother was accustomed to indulge in gloomy forebodings when the weather was rough, and abandon herself to great distress and alarm when the wind blew a gale. Another lady would always turn pale and tremble and show signs of violent agitation whenever she heard the report of a gun. Her mother was within hearing of the battle of Plattsburgh, to which her father had gone as a volunteer, and every shot brought a pang to the mother's heart, and caused her to shudder at the thought that each report she heard, had perhaps carried death to her husband.

Another very striking fact has recently been related to us by a lady who says she can vouch for the truth of it, as it occurred in her own immediate circle of friends.

A young lady who was an orphan had grown up with a very violent and ungovernable temper. She was subject to frequent paroxysms of anger, in which she lost all control of herself, and was for the time like one insane. After her marriage, a friend who felt a deep interest in her welfare told her that unless she did learn to govern herself, she would transmit to her offspring the same the same unfortunate disposition which had caused her so much trouble in life. When she indulged the hope of becoming a mother, under a consciousness of this new responsibility, she resolved firmly, that come what would, she would control her temper, and by dint of the most constant and strenuous efforts at self-control, she did succeed, and never gave way to anger once during the whole period that intervened between the hope and the realization. Her child was of a remarkably calm and even temperament, and possessed the power of self-control in a most wonderful degree. When he was about a year old, it became necessary to perform upon him a painful surgical operation. As the operator was about to commence he requested that some one would hold the hands and feet of the child. The mother said it was unnecessary as the child would offer no resistance. And sure enough it did not. The mother told it to lie still, and though the pain was so great as to cause the tears to roll down its cheeks, yet not a muscle moved, and not an audible sound escaped its lips. The surgeon on retiring, said he had seen a most wonderful thing, a little



child had exercised more fortitude than a grown man. His mother had transmitted to him this almost miraculous power of self-control, by the intensity with which she had herself exerted it. Is the young mother still skeptical in regard to this influence? Impressions made upon the minds of mothers often leave visible effects upon the bodies of children, producing deformities of various kinds. Is it then reasonable to suppose that what passes in the mind of the mother can have no influence upon the forming organism of the new life so closely identified with her own? Believing that many mothers have never viewed their responsibilities in this point of light, we would gladly set them to thinking in the right direction. We offer no other apology for introducing a subject of so much delicacy.

The following is a bonafide letter which was written in sober earnest, and sent to a lady in this State. Such a rich and rare specimen of epistolary composition is surely worthy of preservation. When we reflect that the author of this remarkable production is a TEACHER, we cannot but congratulate the rising generation, that one possest of such transcendent genius, should have condescended to become their instructor.

X roads

May 23th 1859.

Miss —

I take the liberty of addressing you, though in a puerile manner. I labor under embarrassment in writing to one possessed of as much pudicity as your self: but I

hope I will not be repudiated on the littleness which belongs to my sex. This makes the third time that I have attempted to address you, but thinking you would not be without engagements have depressed the amorous feelings that I had and not send my little scroll; but I am not going to be deluded this time I am going to send it. If I were there I could collocate things much better than by epistolary correspondence. I could not delineate the enjoyment it would be if I could have the privilege of seeing you in person. I could elucidate many things that I shall not attempt to now. I must admit that a feeling of love would be engendered if I were allowed to love one of as much beauty as yourself. I think I would be depurated of all other things of this sombre earth, if I could be loved by one whom my heart holds as dear, although I find a great many dulcet things to allure me. I am teaching school in—county. I have some things that condole me very much, but the anticipation of the future banishes all gloomy objects. I am going to visit M. in a short time. I would love very much to see you free from all other engagements but the one of the present. I wish to have the pleasure of addressing you with epistolary correspondence if nothing else, but further agreeable, if not either, you can tell me in one, an answer to this. I shall expect one amediately with elucidations of my future engagements. Address X roads, — County, Tenn. Give my respects to Mr. —, write soon and relieve me from great burden of anxiety.

I am your affectionate Friend  
R. B.



It is related of the artist, Washington Alston, that not long after his marriage with his first wife, the sister of the late Dr. Channing, he made his second visit to Europe. After a residence there of a little more than a year, his pecuniary wants became very pressing and urgent more so, than at any other period of his life. He was even, at times, at a loss for the means of purchasing the necessities of life.

On one of these occasions, as he himself used to narrate the event, he was in his studi, reflecting with a feeling of almost desperation upon his condition. His conscience seemed to tell him that he had deserved his afflictions, and drawn them upon himself, by his want of due gratitude for past favors from Heaven. His heart all an once seemed filled with the hope that God would listen to his prayers, if he would offer up his direct expressions of penitence, and ask for divine aid.

He accordingly locked his door, withdrew to a corner of the room, threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for a loaf of bread for himself and his wife. While thus employed a knock was heard at the door. A feeling of momentary shame at being detected in this position and a feeling of fear lest he might have been observed induced him to hasten and open the door. A stranger enquired for Mr. Allston. He was anxious to learn who was the fortunate purchaser of the painting of "the Angel Oriel," regarded by the artist as one of his master pieces, and which had won the prize at the exhibition of the Academy. He was told that it had

not been sold. "Can it be possible? Not sold! Where is it to be had?" "In this very room., Here it is," producing the painting from a corner, and wiping off the dust.

"It is for sale? Can it be bought?" was the eager interrogatory. "It is for sale, but its value has never yet, to my idea of its worth, been adequately appreciated—and I would not part with it." "What is its price?" "I have done affixing any nominal sum, I have always so far exceeded my offers. I leave it for you to name the price." "Will four hundred pounds be an adequate recompense?" "It is more than I have ever asked for it." Then the painting is mine."

The stranger introduced himself as the marquis of Stafford; and he became from that moment one of the warmest friends of Mr. Allston. By him Mr. A. was introduced to the society of the nobility and gentry; and he became one of the favored among the many gifted minds, that adorned the circle to which he was thus introduced but in which he was never fond of appearing often.

The instantaneous relief thus afforded by the liberality of this noble visitor was always regarded by Allston as a direct answer to his prayer, and it made a deep impression on his mind. To this event he was ever after wont to attribute the increase of devotional feelings, which became a prominent trait in his beautiful character.

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Our type setter seems determined to change the orthography of Memnon's Lyre, but we feel inclined to persevere in the use of the term till we can see it printed correctly.

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## Book Notices.

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### IS CHRISTIANITY FROM GOD?

Or, Manual of Christian Evidence.

By Rev. J. Cumming, D. D.

This little work is full of interest and instruction, and will be found a most valuable aid to those who would give a reason of their faith in the Bible, in clear simple and convincing argument. It beautifully explains many truths of the Bible which to many minds seem veiled in obscurity, and renders them plain and practical. The writer has truthfully said that those who read the Bible oftenest, and most attentively, will be most deeply persuaded of its divine origin. A self-evidencing virtue goes forth from it and they that thus read it feel within them living proofs of its divinity, and would rather part with all near and dear things than surrender their belief in the inspiration of a book which peoples Heaven with their departed relatives—opens to them springs of real consolation upon earth—and lifts the veil that conceals from their eyes yet brighter and more glorious prospects in eternity. The Saviour said, "Thy word is truth;" and innumerable hearts

from their inmost depths answer, "It is."

His appeals to the reason are striking and impressive. He says the insanity of our asylums is that of the intellect, but the insanity of thoughtless millions is that of the heart. This truth is sadly forced upon us, when we contemplate the great indifference to their own highest interests, manifested by the majority of mankind. Many of those who believe in the inspiration of the Bible when objections are raised against it, are unable to answer them. Dr. Cumming in this little work has taken up these objections, and so brought out and exposed their fallacy that it seems surprising that they should ever by rational minds be weighed in the balance against the evidences of christianity. We cheerfully commend this book to our readers, feeling confident that they will be profited by its instructions, more firmly established in their faith, and better prepared too meet the opposer and skeptic on grounds that are tenable and convincing.



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"It is speedy, very neat, and durable in its work; is easily understood and kept in repair. I earnestly recommend this Machine to all my acquaintances and others."—*Mrs. M. A. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.*

"We find this Machine to work to our satisfaction, and with pleasure recommend it to the public, as we believe the Grover & Baker to be the best Sewing Machine in use."—*Deary Brothers, Allenton, Tenn.*

"If used exclusively for family purposes, with ordinary care, I will wager they will last one 'three score years and ten,' and never get out of fix."—*John Erskine, Nashville, Tenn.*

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"The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine works admirably. I think the stitch and work far superior to that of any Sewing Machine I ever saw. On fine work, I think the Machine would be hard to beat."—*W. J. Davis, Memphis, Tenn.*

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"I am happy to give my testimony in favor of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, and of the perfect satisfaction it gives in every respect. It sews neatly, and is by no means complicated, and I prefer it to all others I have seen."—*Abel Bryan, wife of Rev. A. M. Bryan, Memphis, Tenn.*

"It affords me much pleasure to say, that the Machine works well; and I do not hesitate to recommend it as possessing all the advantages you claim for it. My wife is very much pleased with it, and we take pleasure in certifying to this effect."—*R. C. Brinkley, Memphis, Tenn.*

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DR. SWAYNE:—Dear Sir—Believing your *Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry* to be the very best remedy extant, and desiring all may know and test its virtues, I offer my experience. I was taken with a violent cough, difficult expectoration, short breath, &c. This continued until my health and strength seemed entirely gone. Our village physician declared my complaint Consumption and incurable. I was recommended to try your Syrup, which has performed a perfect cure. My health is now very good; have not been affected with the affection since. Yours, with respect,

MRS. JOSEPH LYNN.

Middleburg, Carrol Co., Md., Dec. 22. 1858.

I not only take pleasure, but deem it a duty I owe to suffering humanity, to state what *Doctor Swayne's compound Syrup of Wild Cherry* has done for me. I was taken with a violent cough, bloody expectoration, great difficulty of breathing, so that I had to get out of my bed and set up all night. I procured the above valuable medicines of Harman Titus, Bensalem, who can also testify that it has made a perfect cure.

JOHN W. PAGE.

Bensalem, Bucks Co., Pa., May 15, 1857.

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**CAUTION!**—Let it be remembered that this is the first preparation of *Wild Cherry* for Coughs, Colds, Consumptions &c., that was ever prepared in this country, and perhaps the only one prepared by a regular physician—although there are the names of popular Physicians attached to Wild Cherry preparations, who had nothing to do with their Compounding. probably never had, but more with the view to give popularity, and by that advance sales to the unsuspecting or unthinking. Always inquire particularly for Dr. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY the original and only genuine "cherry" preparation.

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*Warranted not to contain opium in any form.*

This remedy is a speedy and certain cure of Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Cramp Colic, Dysentery, and Cholera in their worst forms; and for Nausea, Nervous Debility, and Flatulency, Dysepssia and Sickheadache, it has *no* superior. Sea-sickness is at once cured by using this Remedy; no one need be troubled with this disagreeable sensation on the roughest sea or in the stormiest weather.

During the prevalence of the Cholera, in the summer of 1849 several thousand bottles of this invaluable remedy were used, and in no instance did it fail of giving immediate relief and effecting a complete cure. It relieves in a few minutes the most painful attack of Cramp Colic. Persons during the excessive heat of summer frequently suffer an unpleasant sensation of fulness after eating, and drinking much cold water: half a teaspoonful of this Extract will relieve them instantly.

The Proprietor of this Remedy would beg leave to say that it is not a new one, just sprung into existence, but that it was used as a curative of Cholera upwards of twenty years ago, and is prepared from a prescription of a celebrated physician, now deceased, and is highly recommended by physicians and others, as the most popular medicine in existence.

Nervous tremors, the result of excess in drinking, it at once allays. It has been truly said by many physicians that it is the most valuable remedy of the day. To the aged and infirm it has proved a great comfort, to the inebriate wishing to reform it will be invaluable, by gently stimulating and giving tone to the stomach, creating a healthy in place of a morbid appetite, and strength to overcome temptation. It has been used with the happiest effect in cases bordering on delirium tremens. This remedy has cured hundreds of cases of chronic affection of the stomach; it may be used at all times with the most perfect safety and success.

Every family and every railroad-train and steamboat should keep it on hand. No traveller should be without it: one dose may be the means of saving much suffering, and even life itself.

This Remedy, unlike all others of its kind, does not constipate the bowels. Those whose bowels are daily evacuated will find, although it may require two or three doses to effect a cure, that the subsequent evacuation will be perfectly natural: its effects are merely to allay pain and to cause the stomach to healthfully digest its food. The Proprietors boldly assert that it has been used by more than two hundred thousand persons, and never once has it constipated the bowels.

Owners of horses should never be without this Remedy. Should a horse be attacked with Colic, mix half the contents of a bottle with half a teacupful of molasses in a bottle, shake it well, and add a pint of hot water, mix it thoroughly and give it as a drench as warm as it can be taken; if the animal is not relieved in ten minutes the dose may be repeated. Two doses have never been known to fail in curing the worst attacks.

When a horse is overheated and perspiration ceases, or should he have had too much water or too much food and he is on the verge of being foundering. It has been used in hundreds of cases and always with success.

This Remedy has been used by the conductors on railroads between Washington and New York for several years past,

## DR. BARNES' BREAST SALVE.

This invaluable Salve has been successfully used in Rheumatic affections of the Breast. Spread the Salve on a piece of linen or cotton cloth and apply it to the Breast. In a very short time the pain and soreness will be removed.

In ague of the breast, where the milk has become caked and hard, if a plaster of this Salve be applied at once, it will remove all pain and hardness, overcome the soreness, cause the milk to flow without difficulty, and prevent the Breasts suppurating.

Should the Breasts have gathered and suppurated before this Salve could be obtained, a few applications as before directed will remove all inflammation and pain and cause them speedily to heal: in no instance has it been known to fail. Mothers should always be provided with it; one box of it would save much suffering, as in Ague of the breast one application is generally sufficient to remove all difficulty.

The Proprietors of BARNES' BREAST SALVE are so well convinced of its efficacy in preventing Breasts from suppurating, or curing them after suppurating, that they will return the money in any case where it fails to give relief.

Prepared and Sold at Chesnut Street Philadelphia.